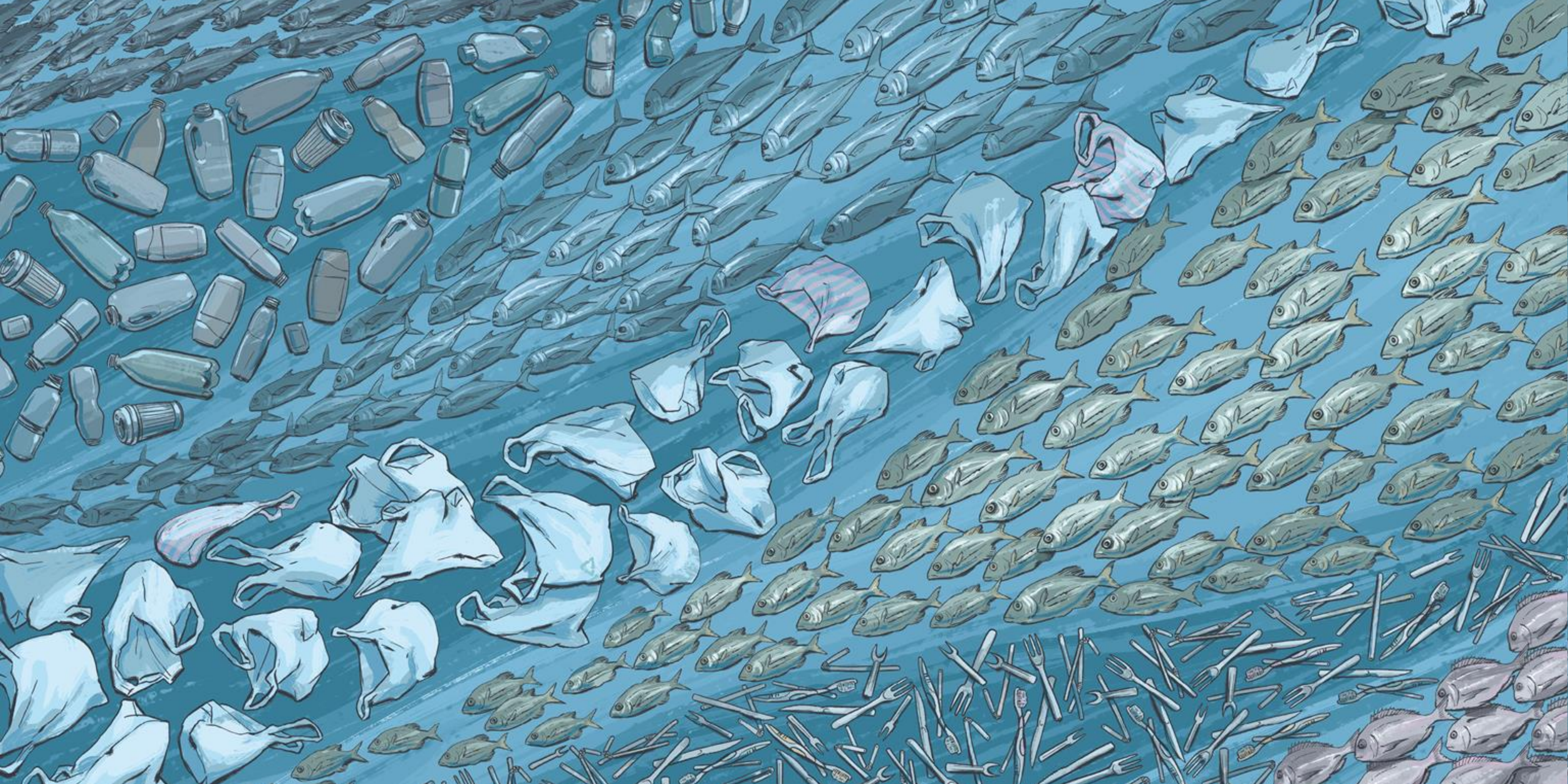
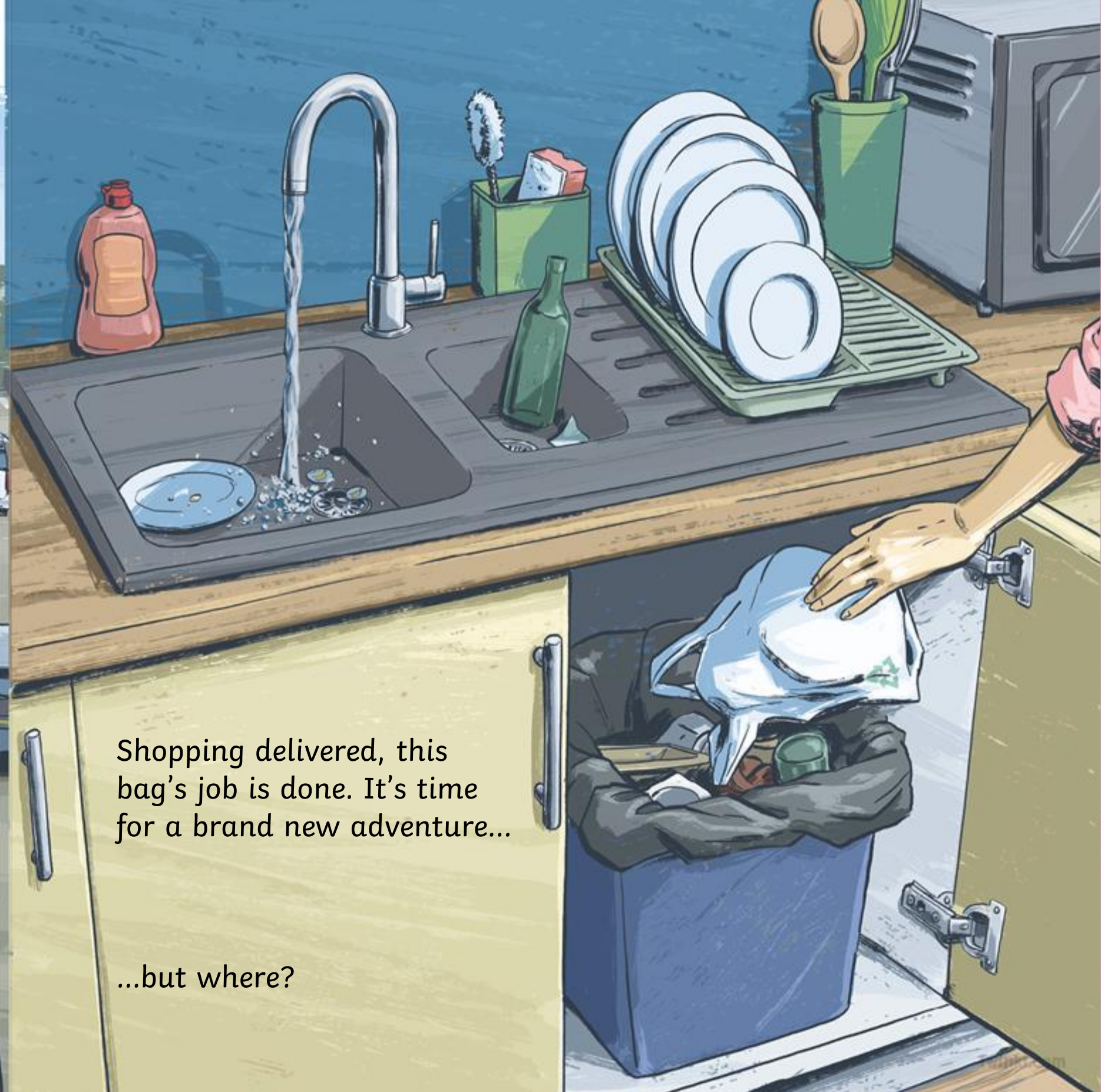
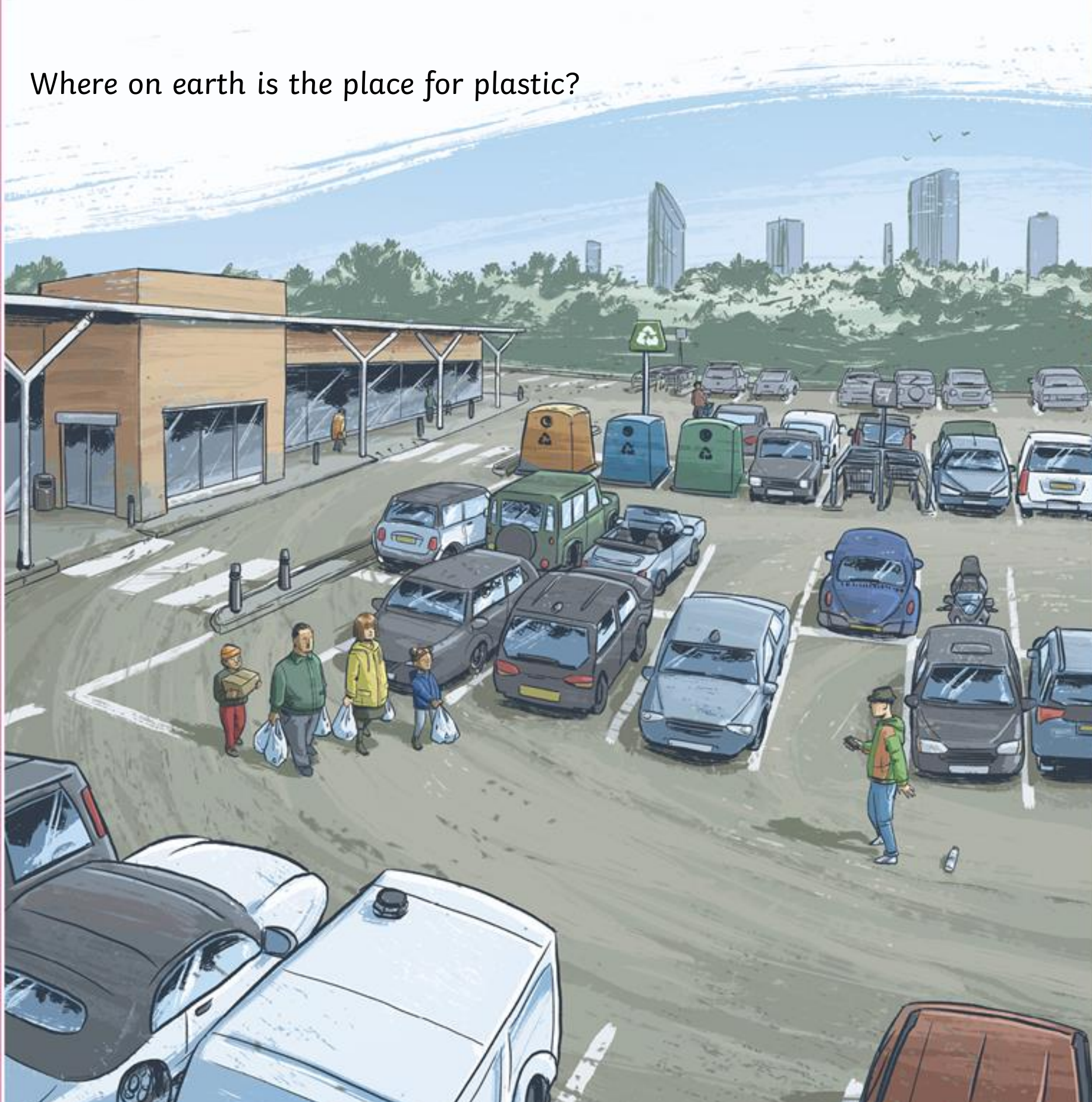


A Place for Plastic





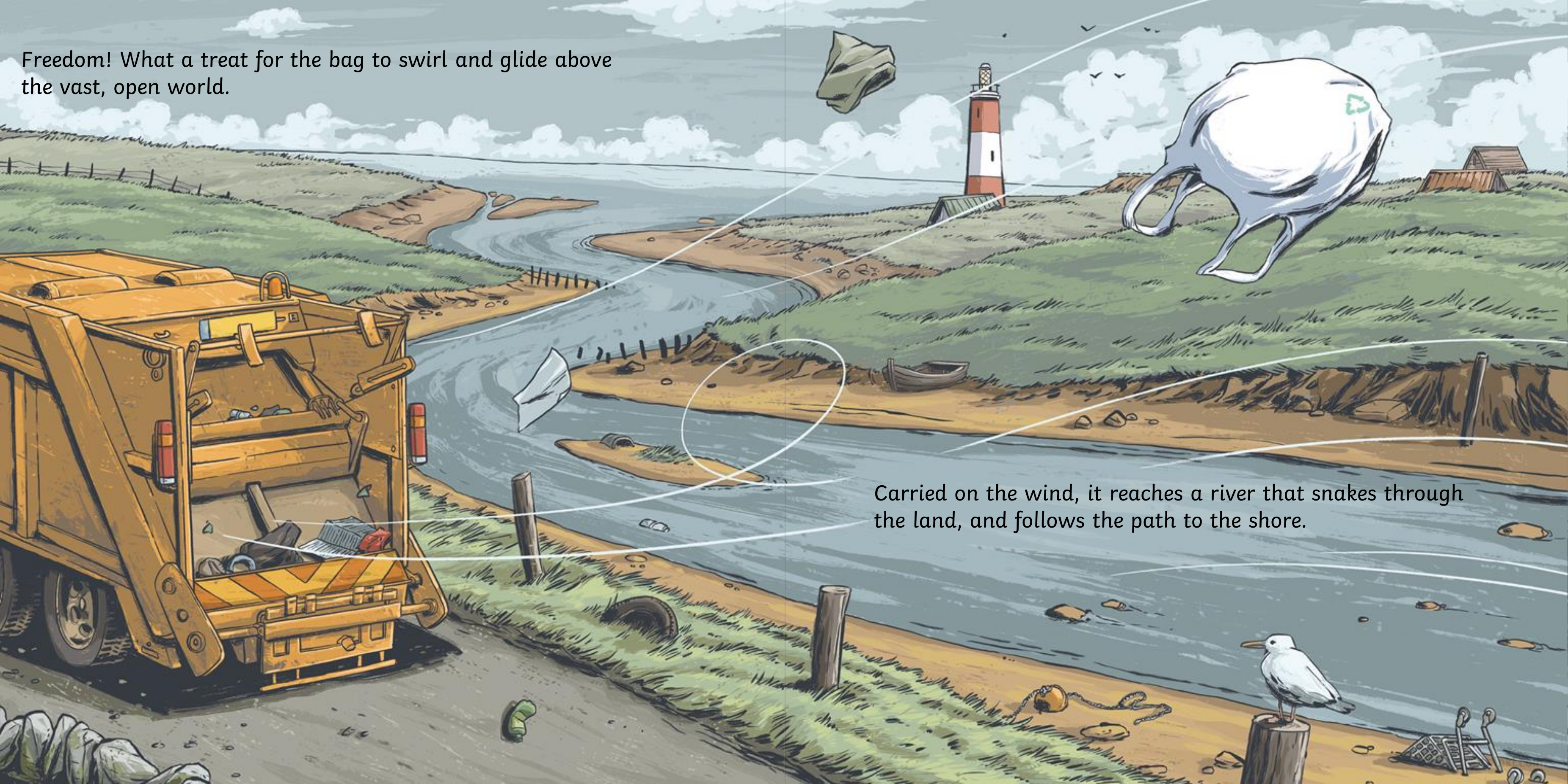
Where on earth is the place for plastic?



Shopping delivered, this bag's job is done. It's time for a brand new adventure...

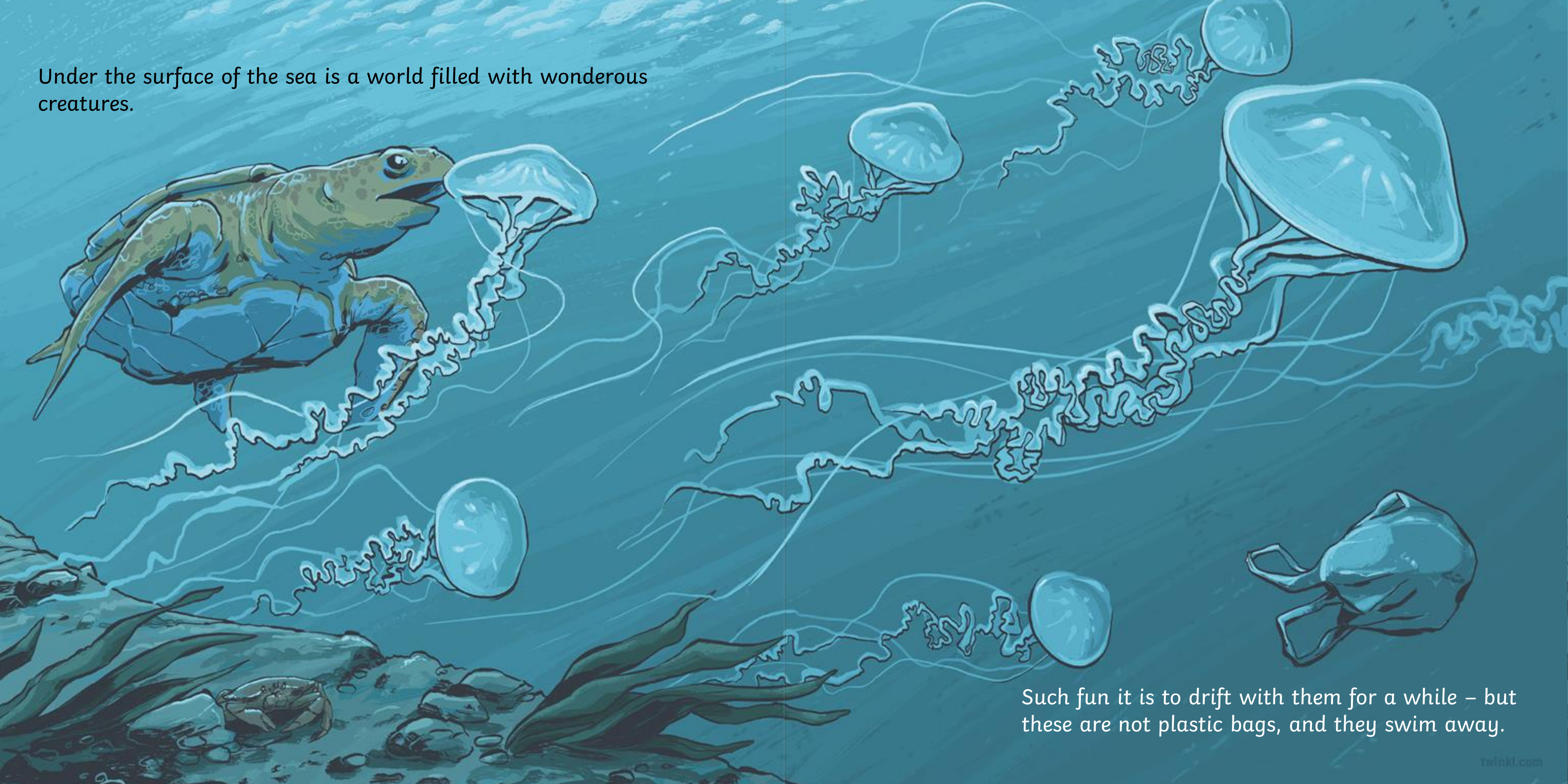
...but where?

Freedom! What a treat for the bag to swirl and glide above the vast, open world.



Carried on the wind, it reaches a river that snakes through the land, and follows the path to the shore.


Under the surface of the sea is a world filled with wonderful creatures.



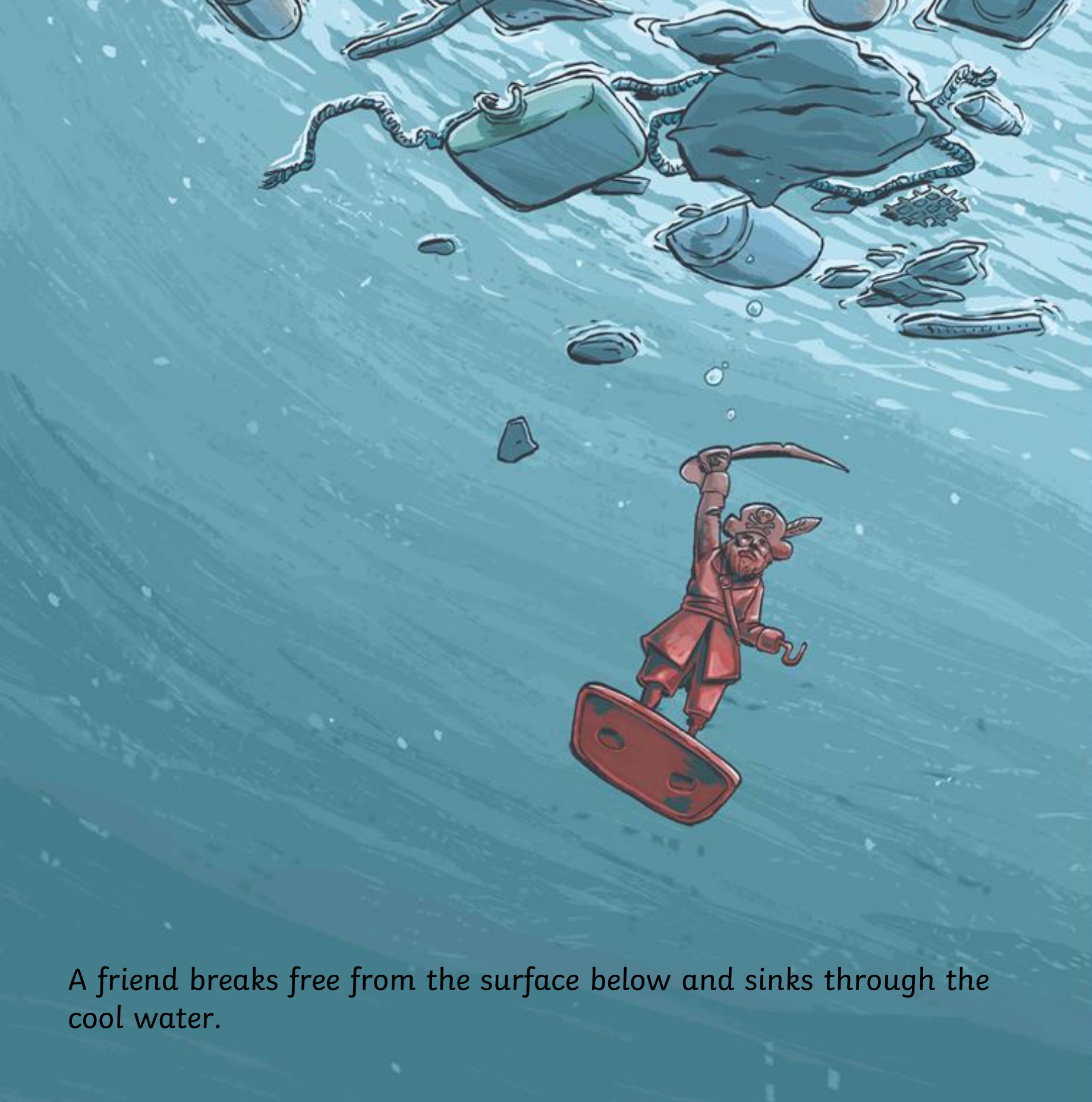
Such fun it is to drift with them for a while – but these are not plastic bags, and they swim away.



Light flickers and fades over a cascade of colour.



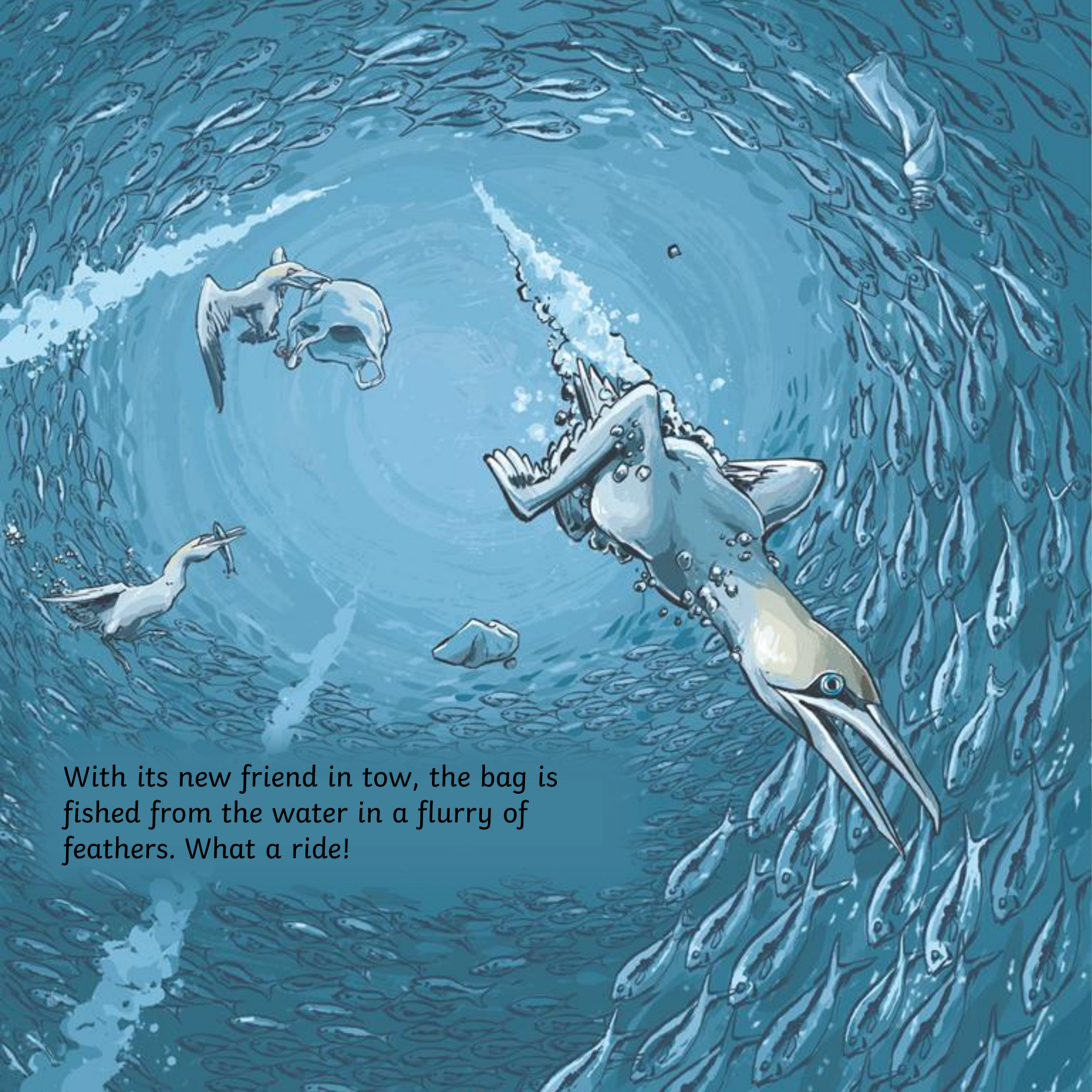
How beautiful it is beneath the waves.
Oh, to be a part of the patchwork!



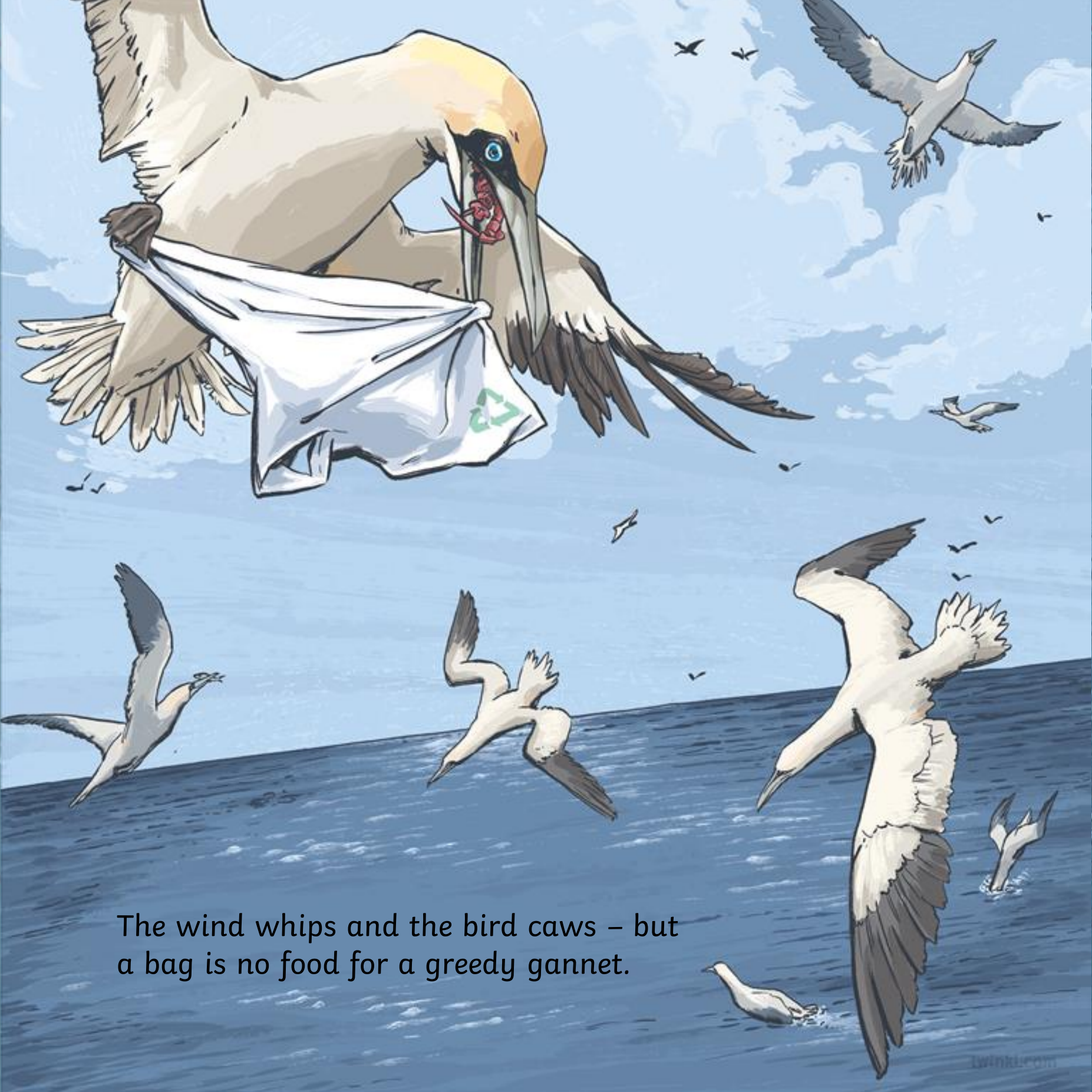
A friend breaks free from the surface below and sinks through the cool water.



Two twisted plastic arms, a grizzled plastic face, a pointed plastic sword in his hand: another explorer joins the search for a place to belong.



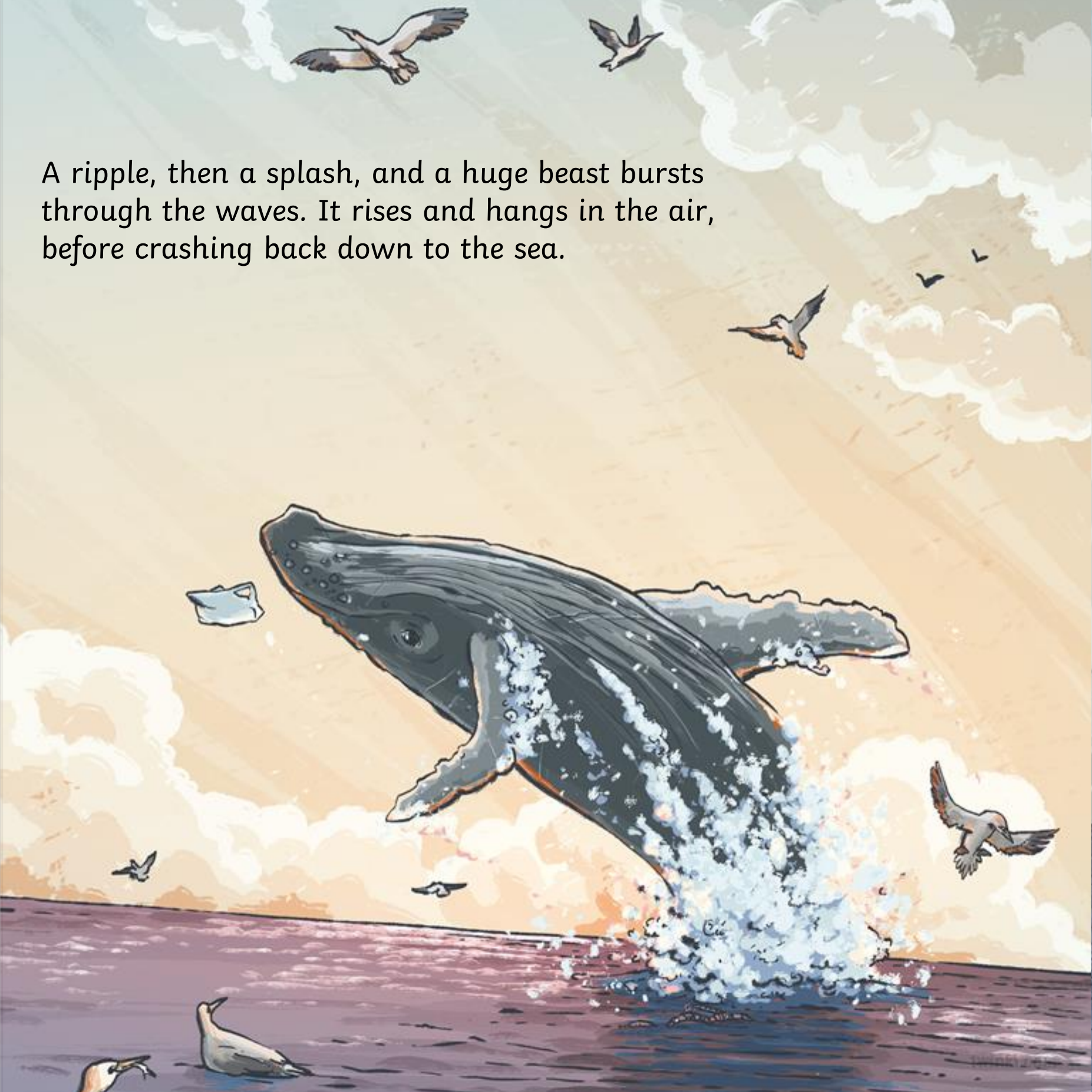
With its new friend in tow, the bag is fished from the water in a flurry of feathers. What a ride!



The wind whips and the bird caws – but a bag is no food for a greedy gannet.



The pirate may have found its next adventure,
but the bag's journey is not over yet.



A ripple, then a splash, and a huge beast bursts
through the waves. It rises and hangs in the air,
before crashing back down to the sea.



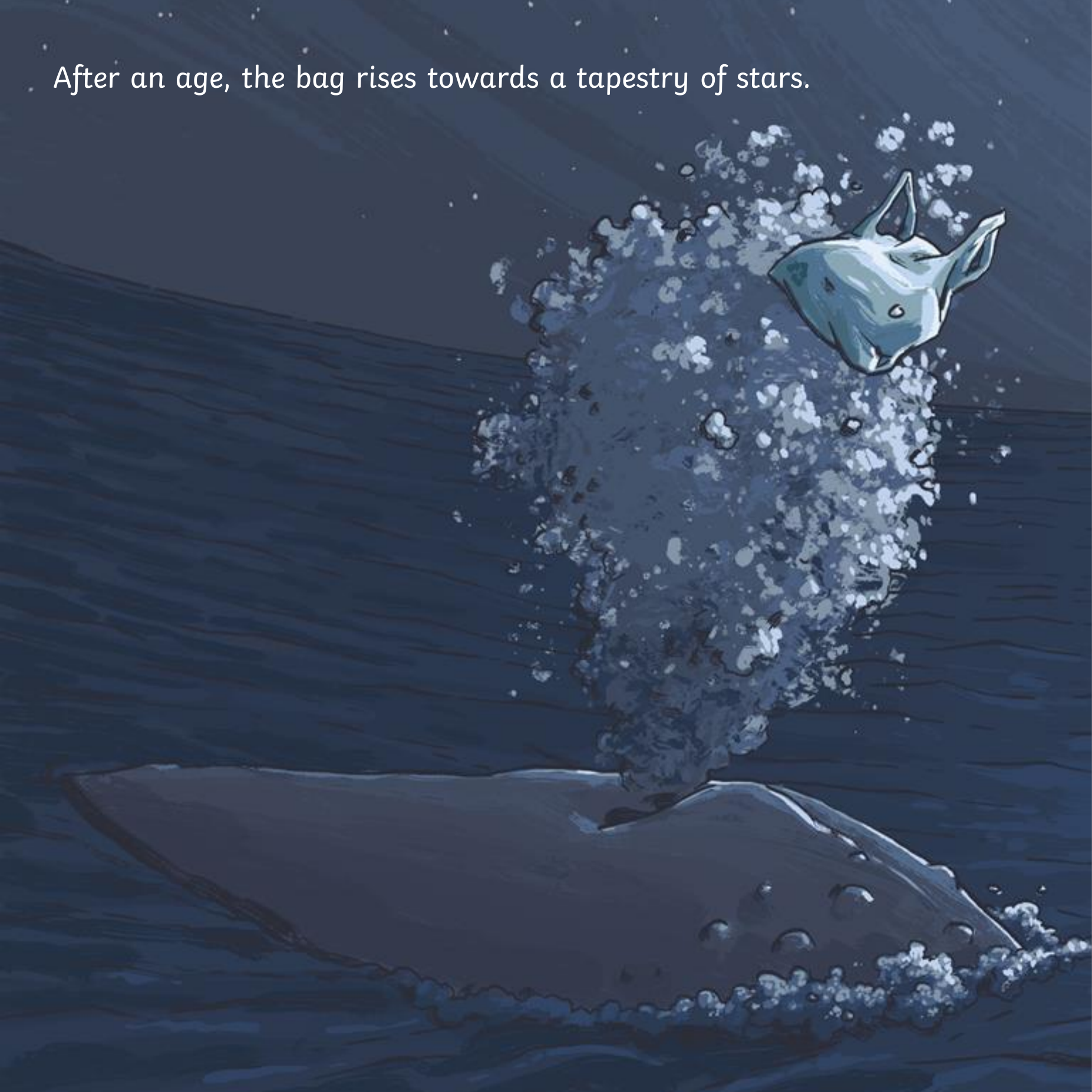
The creature plunges down through a brightly coloured cloud. Here, plastic particles dance in a shoal of their own – but no plastic as large as a bag lives here.

The water grows darker the deeper they live. The light falls away.

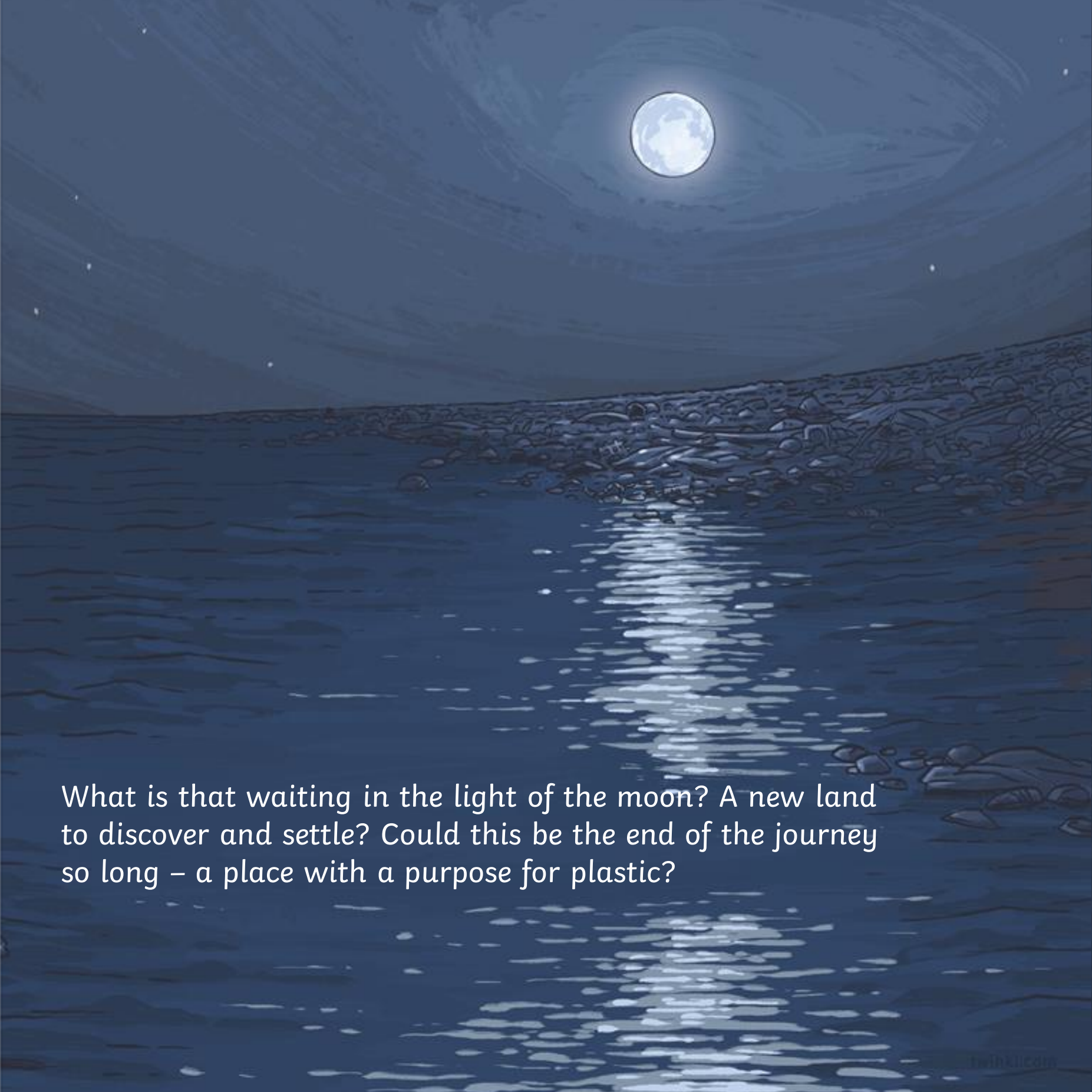
The journey goes on; more of the same.
There is only the never-ending sea.



After an age, the bag rises towards a tapestry of stars.



What is that waiting in the light of the moon? A new land to discover and settle? Could this be the end of the journey so long – a place with a purpose for plastic?







Where is the place for
all *this* plastic?

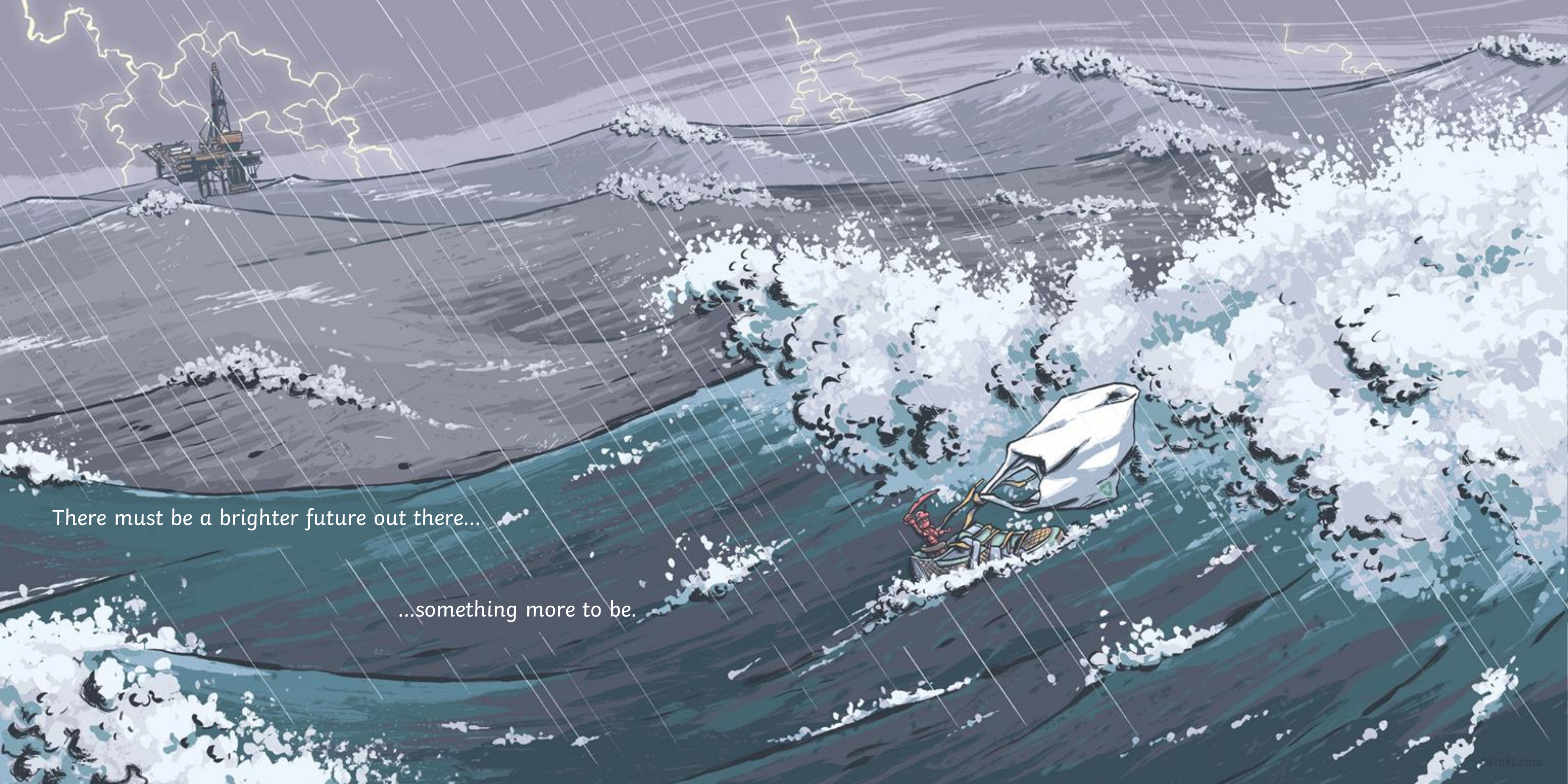
All journeys seem to end here. Is the adventure over? Is there nothing
more than this?



Here, the scraps and the dregs and the waste of the world
smother the suffering sea.



This is a plastic place, but not the place for plastic.



There must be a brighter future out there...

...something more to be.

Not left in the shallows, ignored and overlooked, choking
the life from the ocean...



...but found and collected, reclaimed and recycled, made use of
before it's too late.

Is there a place on earth for plastic?





twinkl